And if you do not tell them, too. Where you are going, and what to do. They get in such an awful stew. They'll even watch and fellow you— These very busybodies.

And then they surely think they kn Just when you come and when you And they will whisper, so and so, To every friend and every foe— These very busybodies.

But if we take the pains to see Who these same busybodies be. We find there's not a he or she Who has a decent history. Among these busybodies.

But let us no more notice take
Of evil tongues; but, for their sake,
We'll hope and pray they soon may wake
From wickedness, and money make
By minding their own business.
—Chicago Tribun

QUALITY HILL.

Mrs. Woodcock sat in the middle of

the room, with her feet on the rug of the chair and her fingers in her ears. "I like to hear thunder well enough; I don't know but what I do. I am not any afraid of that. But I be some scart of the lightning," said she, starting as the heavens blazed over with a sheet of flame in instant glory, with a crash and roar that found its way through her fat fingers and through two wads of cotton, but its barrant of the transport of the starting of the star oursting her ears like the trump of

om.
"Mercy on me!" shricked Mrs. Woodcock, "that struck. Now you may rely upon it, as true as you are a living creat-ure, that struck!"

ure, that struck!"

Mr. Spofferd's old sorrel horse, the only living creature in sight, made no reply, but kept on nibbling away at the white clover on the green before the door. He only turned his back to the driving rain, that flew from the west to the east so fast and so heavy that it was more like a bank of fog than moving drops of water; and gave a passing shiver when the rainfall changed to hail, and rattled down in stones as large as birds'

But Mrs. Woodcock was above the blind trust of the beast; so, pale and trembling, she pressed her hands tighter over her ears, and looked at a spider's web in the darkest corner of the room as

photograph.

The thunder growled itself to sleep at last, the lightning flashed its life away and the sun broke out like a sudden smile on a baby's face. Still the uncon-scious Mrs. Woodcock held on to her scious Mrs. Woodcock held on to her ears and gazed at the spider's web until the outer door was flung open, and the chore boy shuffled in. He was a hempenhaired, buttermilk-eyed lad of fifteen, who was either half-witted or half-crazed—possibly both.

"Ho! Aunt Prissy," he cried, "what are you keeping Independence for, the day after the Fourth? It has all come off as clear as new cider, and you are wasting your time sitting there like a statue. You better be mending my nantaloons."

As he spoke a sudden sunbeam darted brough the western window and flashed

through the western window and flashed athwart the corner.

"If there isn't a cobweb right in my kitchen!" quoth Mrs. Woodcock, deliberately putting down her fingers and her feet, and going for a wing—a gray goose wing that hung by a strip of red calico on a nail behind the door.

"Oh, you come, Orson? Where did it strike?" she continued, appearing to discover the grinning boy.

"The hail struck everywhere, particularly on Dr. Seacrest's grape-vines. I

"The hail struck everywhere, particu-larly on Dr. Seacrest's grape-vines. I haven't heard as the thunder struck at all, not even on some folks' ears," re-turned Orson, who was mainly composed of a pair of overgrown bare feet, blue cotton frock and overall, a set of broad, white teeth and a weather-beaten hat, with wide alonehing brim.

with eteth and a weather-beaten hat, with wide, slouching brim.

"You don't mean to say the doctor's grape vines are hurt essentially, do you?" queried Mrs. Woodcock, deaf to the impertinence as she had been to the thunder.

"Miriam, evidently unable to bear the slow torture, soon found an errand to her chamber, and found no reason for exturning."

der.

"Don't know nothing about no essences," replied Orson, who was fond of long words, but not clear as to their use.

"But I can tell you one thing, though. You ought just to see the doctor's new grape-vines he sets so much by. The tendom and vonne armes are fairly grape-vines he sets so much by, tendous and young grapes are fairly chewed to bits. Yes'm. I don't expect

it was an hour ago."

"How you talk!" gasped Mrs. Woodcock, who liked to have things happen, and the worse they happened the better she liked it. She was a very kindhearted soul, but something to talk over was worth as much as her dinner. "But is it so?" she continued, doubt-fully. "Really and truly, Orson? Now

speak the truth just exactly as it is."

Orson had as much idea of the truth
as he had of geology.

"Yes'm," said he, getting bolder. "The

"1es'm, said he, getting bolder. "The doctor said to me, 'Orson Larely,' said he, 'I wouldn't have this damagement done to my vintonage not if you had offered me a five hundred-dollar bill right in my hand.' And then he looked as sober as anything and walked straight into the house. I saw Mrs. Seacrest through the oriol window, and she was accessed to the same of the same way to be said to the same way. crying like fury. You ought to take a look at it yourself, Aunt Prissy, if you don't believe me," he concluded, in an

aggrieved tone.

Mrs. Woodcock did not believe him ensomething worth seeing; so, after a lit-tle reflecting, she decided it would be in the house, and she might as well step up to the doctor's and get it then as any

There was no need to wait for the grass to dry, for Mrs. Woodcock's choco late and white calico, guiltless of a pan ier and innocent of a trail, did not ever brush the broad plantain leaves and the firry speedwell blossoms bordering the well-trodden footpath that led from her doorstep straight into the world. And her heavy calf-skin shoes squeaked to scorn the idea of wetting through.

So she tied on her log cabin sunbonnet that had a pert calico bow prospecting from the top, took her crooked-handled that had a pert calico bow prospecting from the top, took her crooked-handled green gingham umbrella, to act the double part of supporter and protector, and set out—not to seek her fortune, but seek somebody's misfortune.

The way to Dr. Seacrest's was across the green away from the black cotton mills down by the river; away from the street of stiff white cottages, where the mill operators lived; away from the

mili operators lived; away from the commonplace, two-story dwellings clustering around the church, the store, the blacksmith's shop and the postoffice, to a bit of level slightly removed from "The Hollow" by a sloping hill. Here was scattered a group of houses where the doctor, the mill-owner, the minister and two or three breakers. and two or three prosperous farmers lived. Lived, so the Hollow people said, "stuck up" and apart from their neigh

But the aristocratic isolation was all the work of the Hollow, for, as Mrs.

Woodcock often said:

"Folks can choose their own place in the world. If they have a mind to hold up their heads and be something they can be, or they can be nobody or nothing. Either one."

Accordingly she held up her head and made herself somebody, equally in the kitchen of Mary Duffy, the Irish laun-dress, in Speck Lane, at the lowest dip of the Hollow, and in the parlors of the spa-cious mansion that crowned the top of cious mansion that crowned the top Quality Hill.

AMERICAN CITIZE

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VOL. XXIV.

CANTON, MISS., SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1874.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE ore richest in iron is the magnetic

ABUNDANCE of ozone is what make

DENMARK is out of rabbits and has

THE Franklin Hotel at Wort hington

THE Compulsory Education law of Cal ifornia went into effect 1st July.

A RICH vein of copper has been discov

As a rule, the rates for board every where are lower this year than last.

BRITISH house-painters harden their hands by washing in oak-bark water. Tни submarine cable between Con stantinople and Odessa has been laid.

Woman's glory is in her hair, but it is a good plan to tie it up when cooking.

A vzin of coal twenty-two inches thick as been discovered near Louisville,

Doks anybody know why there is more dust inside the horse-cars than out-side?

THESE are the days in which to ask favors. Everybody is in a melting

THE work of arching the Hoosac tun-

nel is well under way and progressing

They sell land in the region of Lake George, not by the acre but by the island.

ETHAN ALLEN, the famous trotting

WHEN a man parts his hair in the middle the crease is very apt to strike into

A woman at Lowell, Mass., who weighs

A Wisconsin book-agent has been killed by the kick of a horse—man's most

faithful friend.

An old business sign in Philadelphia many years ago read. "William Shot and Jonathan Fell."

IMAGINE how they exist in Florida without a daily paper. No wonder alli-

JOHN LANE, of Omaha, Neb., is so tall that he can seize hold of a bar placed

BEAUTY and bashfulness are often

united, yet the loveliest maiden is ad-mired for her check. THE Italian Government proposes to

Unpashionable persons say Lawng Br'nch, just as of yore; fashionable per-sons say Lung Braanch.

A Kentucky man was arrested and fined five dollars for making an unsuc-

A good way for parents to encourage cremation is to leave the matches where the children can get them.

A FAN with a watch on one side of the

THE cotton factories of Columbus, Ga.,

have taken 6,442 bales of cotton thus

The prize poetry in the French Academy will be awarded in 1875 to the author of the best piece of poetry on Liv-

AT last accounts over two thousand people were distributed among the Thou-and Isles. That would be two persons

THE mints of the United States and

those of England, France and Germany won't use any but Lake Superior copper in the manufacture of coin.

A LECTURER aptly demonstrates the

THERE is a man in Indianapolis who

declaims the "Quarrel of Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu" in such a way as to

An Iowa paper predicts that in five years every barrel of Western flour will

be sent East in barrels of paper, made from the straw the wheat grew on.

During a game of base ball at Mem-

phis recently a negro and a ballist had a controversy, in which pistols were used on both sides and the negro was killed.

A nonless in the Eagle Iron Works at Terre Haute, Ind., exploded the other day, badly scalding Wm. Fisher, the en-gineer. He will probably die of his in-juries.

At Lebanon, Ind., recently, Eliza J. Peckham, aged seventy-five years, while engaged in picking cherries, fell from a step-ladder, and striking upon her head

"Please, sir," said a little girl who

ras sweeping a crossing for a living, you have given me a bad penny." Never mind, little girl, you may keep

s instantly killed.

A survey for a branch road to Hot prings, Ark., leaving the main line of

theory that heat generates motion by pointing to a boy who accidentally sat down on a piece of lighted punk.

Occ. When he head of the staircase and listened. He discovered that there was a man in the hall below and he knew at once it

Adeler.

far, an increase of 1,742 over last year.

handle and a strong eye glass on the other is the last thing out in Paris.

establish a monopoly of the to-ing business in Sicily.

essful attempt at suicide.

ma'am.

o each isle.

stallion, was sold recently in Kansas for

finely.

\$3,200.

the brain.

in that place.

gators are plenty.

twelve feet high.

of servants

black oxide.

different parts of Oregon.

ne resorts so healthy

sent to France to buy 50,000.

So now she went up the wide, flowerordered wark leading to Dr. Scacrest's stately doorway with the assurence of a welcome guest, and, tapping confidently on the open door, stepped in with a little nod and courtesy as much of respect to herself as of deference to Mrs. Scacrest aged companion. For it is really a com-fort, though a small one, to see our friends chafe under degradation. Accept-ing slavery with contentment makes the and herdaughter, Miriam, sitting sewing and looking as tranquil as though no storm had ever passed over either vineyard or

"Dear me! Is it you, Mrs. Woodcock? How you started me! Come in. We were speaking of you not half an hour ago," cried Mrs. Seacrest, who was a lively, cordial woman, as round and flushed as a poppy, and always sitting in the sunshine, no matter what clouds there might be in the server. courage first to touch it.

"How was it here?" said she, boldly. "Anything damaged about your
grounds?"

"The dahlias, some of them were
broken off-didn't father say?" responded
Mrs. Seacrest, appealing to her daughter.

"And I think some glass was broken in
the hot-house. The doctor has just ordered a different style of sash, so these are out of the way just in time."

Everything was always fish that came

to Mrs. Seacrest's net.
"Tisn't that." said Mrs. Woodcock to herself. "Something heavier than hall-stones is on her mind."

So she started another trail.

"Heard from Earnest lately?" she

"Heard from Earnest lately?" she asked.

"Not very long since," replied Mrs. Seacrest, carelessly, but with the faintest shadow of a shade slipping across her sunny face for an instant.

"That is it," said the visitor, inwardly nodding approvingly to herself. For it is not everybody who would have had the skill to touch upon the sore spot so soon.

soon. But before she had decided on her next question Mrs. Seacrest spoke again.
"We are expecting him home soon,
Mrs. Woodcock, with his wife."

Mrs. Woodcock, with his wife."
"His wife!" cried Mrs. Woodcock.
Even with her discerning foresight
she was not prepared for this announcement, Earnest Seacrest being yet a jun-

ment, Larnest Seacrest being yet a jun-ior in the State University.

Miriam looked steadily upon her work, flushing with a look of painful annoy-ance, but her mother's tone was as ance, but her mother's tone was as blithe as ever. "Yes," said she; "Earnest is young, isn't he? But, after all, he is as old as I

was when I married. Our children take
us by surprise coming to be men and
women so much sooner than we expect."
"When do you look for him—them?"
faltered Mrs. Woodcock, too much be
wildered for her usual aptness of questioning

ioning.
"Almost at any time; I shall not be surprised if they come to-day," answered Mrs. Seacrest, not able to conceal some

Not a dread that the married pair might arrive before Mrs. Woodcock should go away with her long ears, deep eves and broad tongue. Oh, no! Mrs. Woodcock would have scorned herself with contemptuous scorning if such an unworthy jealousy had crossed her self:

plied Mrs. Seacrest, with cheerful satisfaction. "And I have always been in

Mrs. Seacrest's sentence was brought to an untimely end by the stoppage of a carriage at the gate—the doctor's carriage, too, with the doctor himself to drive.

"So it seems she knew all the time."

"So it seems she knew all the time they were coming this very day, though she made it so vague. And there was I, as my good fortune would have it, right in the midst of the home-coming, said Mrs. Woodcock afterward, in relating the story to Mademoiselle Widger.

Mademoiselle Widger was the milliner who lived only, three doors, from Mrs.

Mademoiselle Widger was the milliner who lived only three doors from Mrs. Woodcock's, and said "Mon Dieu," to appear like a French woman. She was equally fond of a cup of tea and a dish of gossip, and made all Mrs. Woodcock's bonnets for nothing.

"So there I sat and saw it all," pursued Mrs. Woodcock. "And what do you think, Mademoiselle, but Earnest came in with a lady on his arm older than his

in with a lady on his arm older than his mother. 'My wife,' said he, and you might have knocked me over with one of

might have knocked me over with one of your feather poppies. There never was such a surprise in Throckmorton before." "Mon Dieu!" cried mademoiselle, with a little foreign scream. "Did you learn how happened?" "No more than the dead," replied Mrs. Woodcock, solemnly, "Mrs. Seacrest tried to pass it off with her smooth-it-away manner, but she couldn't deceive iway manner, but she couldn't deceive ne. I could see she had hard work to keep her feeling in. But there she poured the tea and passed the cake to that old thing as smiling as a moon. She is such a hand to cover up and make as every

thing is just right that happens to her."
"So you staid to lunch?" queried mademoiselle, helping herself to a third cup
of beverage from Mrs. Woodcock's round black pot as she spoke.
"Yes, they asked me and I didn't wait to be deened. I thought it would be a

ner, between her sips of tea.

"She appeared well enough, as far as that went, if she hadn't seemed old mough to be his grandmother. You know Earnest is master young-looking for his years, and I don't suppose he is a day

ver twenty "But didn't you have any surmise how t happened to take place" pursued

ademoiselle.
"Well, I suppose she must have been. worth property," returned Mrs. Wood-cock, who, like a wise general, never ac-knowledged a defeat. "But for all that I don't commend it in him, and I had as lief tell him so at his dinner-table." While thus the hidden affairs of the

While thus the hidden affairs of the doctor's family were being discussed and stirred up in the Hollow, as a hen stirs among dead leaves, on the hill they were being covered over like the lost babes in study and improvement of their minds. he wood. It was never the Seacrest | They have the long evenings of winter fashion to parade the family skeletons like the family jewels. So they are and drank and laughed, and tried to look at the elderly bride without shuddering.

But the age was not the worst of it. She was homely And her homeliness was not the worst; she was stiff and unat thin self to blame—Cor. N. E. Farmer.

tractive in person. And it was hardly the consolation that perhaps it should have been to perceive the unlimited fond-ness that the boy bridegroom had for his

captive twice a slave.

However, the less the family felt like saying sweet things, the more they pressed the sugared cake, the ice-cream and strawberries upon their new member. But all this time there was something in the background waiting to be brought forward, and it was the bride who had the

courage first to touch it.

"Earnest," she began, with the dominant air of an elderly aunt, "an explanation is due your father and mother—and sister," she added, glancing sharply at Miriam, who was fairly seasick with disgust and sorrow and mortification.

"Yes, Librell them," answered Earne

sunshine, no matter what clouds there might be in the sky.

Mrs. Woodcock came in. "Quite a shower we have had," said she, dropping upon a velvet sofa with an air of being much at home on velvet. "I noticed as I came along, Mr. Hurlbert's oats are beaten flat, and I shouldn't wonder if a good deal of injury was done by the hail."

"Very likely," replied Mrs. Seacrest, serenely. "The hailstones were very large. But it has come off beautifully now, and the air seems so much purer after the storm."

Some people might have felt put aside at this, but not Mrs. Woodcock. She perceived that something lay under this placid surface, and, never being troubled by excess of delicacy, proceeded at once the storm."

Summer of the began, with the dominant air of an elderly aunt, "an explanation is due your father and mother—and sister," she added, glancing sharply at Miriam, who was fairly seasick with disgust and sorrow and mortification.

"Yes, Lilly, tell them," answered Earnest, serenely. "The hailstones were very large. But it has come off beautifully now, and the air seems so much purer after the storm."

Some people might have felt put aside at this, but not Mrs. Woodcock. She perceived that something lay under this placid surface, and, never being troubled by excess of delicacy, proceeded at once the summer of the process. It was a being the control of the sum it all. And a kinsman, who was heir at-law, was very anxious to inherit it." "The old cur wanted Lily himself," in-

placid surface, and, never being troubled by excess of delicacy, proceeded at once to send out her blood-hounds.

"How was it here?" said she, bolding "Anything damaged about your ly.

"Anything damaged about your her. At any rate, he was resolved to have that. This was why we had to be so

Miriam fairly groaned; and even fairy-Miriam fairly groaned; and even fairy-hearted Mrs. Seacrest dropped her nap-kin-ring on the floor, and came up from stooping for it with wet eyelashes. To think that Earnest has sold himself for this woman's gold! So Mrs. Woodcock down in the Hollow was right after all. But, as though she suspected the nature of their thoughts, Lily went on.

of their thoughts, Lily went on.

"I had some trouble in persuading Earnest," she said, looking at him fondly through her blue glasses, while she patted her gray curls and settled her cap. ("I knew you had," ejaculated Miriam, inaudibly.) "He had a foolish notion of waiting till after I had lost my property. But I had a right to it and I wanted to keen it."

keep it."
"We had a jolly time, though, dodg-

"We had a jolly time, though, dodging old Drymar. He is about discovering now, Lily, that he isn't so smart as he thought he was," said Earnest, bursting into a joyous laugh, and nobody felt the heart to join in.

Then he took from his pocket the marriage certificate, dated that very day. It seemed he had telegraphed to his father to meet him and his wife at the station root more than fire minutes of the heart to meet the meet than fire minutes of the heart to meet the meet than fire minutes of the meet than fire minutes of the meet than fire minutes of the meet than the meet that the meet than the meet than the meet than the meet that the meet that the meet than the meet that the meet than the meet tha not more than five minutes after she be-came his wife.

"We had to turn pretty sharp corners "We had to turn pretty sharp corners to keep out of Drymar's way," continued Earnest, still chuckling. "He thought he had Lily safely locked in her room, while he sent for a justice, thinking he would frighten her into a marriage with him, or, at any rate, keep her away from other men till the day had gone by. But Lily was better at picking locks than he thought; and she came to me, poor thing, so out of breath and frightened." Earnest's voice grew tenderer and Earnest's voice grew tenderer and sitiful at the thought, and he took Lily's and in his with a caressing gesture.
"I loved her ever since I have been in

Refusal on the part of a husband to push the perambulator is to be made ground for a divorce. college, and she knew it, but we had to keep it to ourselves on old Drymar's ac-count. And I was dying to marry her, but I didn't like the idea of marrying for money exactly. However, there wasn't any help for it then, mother, you see. Drymar was her legal guardian until she married, or was of a certain

age. So chum and I fixed her up in her bridal dress, and here we are!" Upon that the irrepressible bridegroom got up and kissed his bride, then led her from the room, saying over his

Miriam, evidently unable to bear the slow torture, soon found an errand to her chamber, and found no reason for returning.

"We will be back directly."

When they were gone, a sorrowful sigh bubbled out of the mother's soul.

"Poor boy!" said she: "his heart is all right, and I cannot blame him."

"I blame him for falling in love with his grandmother, in the first place," said Miriam, severely. "And her having the money makes it all the more horrible. It seems so sordid, even though we may be made to her mother is: "Want to take her plied Me." eems so sordid, even though we may Almost before they had done speaking

Almost before they had done speaking they heard Earnest's step on the stairs, and his voice in such loving, happy tones that it sent fresh pain through the listeners. Then he appeared with his bright, curling head and his sunny eyes like his mother's. But with him came, instead of the wrinkled old bride, a fair-faced, blacking girl with a hower of golden blushing girl, with a shower of golden bair, and all the beauty of youth and happiness on her sweet face. A lily truly, beautiful and pure.

"We had to fix her up that way, chum

ish delight at the astonished and relieved faces of the family; "and it has been such fun to watch Miriam this evening. Father and mother keep in better."

"Mon Dieu! Do you call that little creature old enough to be Earnest's grandmother?" whispered Mademoiselle Widger to Mrs. Woodcock, leaning over her new railing on the er pew railing on the next Sabbath, as

classes, wiped them, and looked again
"Mercy on me! And I sat as near to her on that day as I am to the minister now! How a body's eyes will deceive hem!" she cried.

"If I Had Leisure."

"If I had leisure I would repair that weak place in my fence," said a farmer. He had none, however, and while drink-ing eider with a neighbor the cows broke

in and injured a prime piece of corn. He had leisure then to repair his fence, but it did not bring back his corn.
"If I had leisure." said a wheelwright last winter, "I would alter my stovepipe, for I know it is not safe." But he did not feel the safe and the safe. find time, and when his shop caught fire and burnt down he found leisure to build

"If I had leisure," said a mechanic, "I should have my work done in season.'
The man thinks his time has been all oc to be deened. I thought it would be a good chance to see the bride, how she looked and how she appeared."

"Well, how was it?" asked the milli-we how so the street talking nonsense. inrise; he quit work at five o'clock moked a cigar after dinner, and spent two hours on the street talking nor with an idler.
"If I had leisure," said a merchant, "I

would pay more attention to my accounts and try and collect my bills more promptly." The chance is, my friend, if you had leisure you would probably pay less attention to the matter than you less attention to the matter than you do
now. The thing lacking with hundreds
of farmers who till the soil is not more
leisure, but more resolution—the spirit to
do to do now. If the farmer who sees
this fence in a poor condition would only
act at once, how much might be saved?
If would prevent breachy cattle creating quarrels among neighbors that in many ases terminate in law suits, which take nearly all they are both worth to pay the

Mrs. Partington, recently, at a temperance meeting. "I am always rejoiced ill-temper was when their daily draft of when he mounts the nostril, for his eloquence warms every cartridge in my body." THE chief cause of fires is carelessness

ody."

THERE are 52,018 water wheels in operation in American manufacturing estab. THE Quaker loves the ocean for its THERE are 52,018 water wheels in operation in American manufacturing establishments, giving a power of 1,130,416 horses, while Niagara Falls gives a power of 11,363,036. When will it be end. This would hold a drop or two utilized?

CHIEF-JUSTICE WAITE has bought a Is parts of Switzerland minors cannot AT White Pine, Nev., mahogany is

CHIEF-JUSTICE WAITE has bought a large lot on Rhode Island avenue, in Washington, of Atty Gen. Williams, and adjoining the latter's fine property. The Chief-Justice proposes to build a handsome residence.

As honest dame in New York standing fasts from food and drink; but, in this HONG KONG has about forty small teamers for harbor use. LARGE bands of elks are reported in

As honest dame in New York standing

An honest dame in New York standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing in piteous tones his untimely departure, observed: "It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as good as ever they were."

Col. Forney, Jr., well known in Central Col. Forney, Jr., well known in Cen COL. FORNEY, Jr., well known in Cen-Col. Forney, Jr., well known in Centennial City society, was recently married in Paris to a daughter of Mr. John Lockwood, of the same city. Those who seldom missed on the first effort; but if

lockwood, of the same city. Those who were present write home that it was a beautiful wedding."

Suicide Under Difficulties.

This is that in the highest sense of the word a free country. Sardanapalus Coffin, down our way, was rejected some Coffin for Coffin fo months ago by a young woman whom he loved; Sarah Walsingham I think was her name; and he determined to commit suicide. So one evening he bought a pound of strychnine and swallowed it. It was hardly inside of him when some of his relations came along with a stomach-pump and bailed him out. He was depressed about it but he was determined to succeed, and on the following morning he drank a pint of laudanum. At the moment when the last drop was gurgling in his throat his relations kicked in the panel of the door, manned the stomach.

But civilization had probably deranged months ago by a young woman whom he loved; Sarah Walsingham I think was away with the fore legs. moment when the last drop was gurgling in his throat his relations kicked in the panel of the door, manned the stomach But civilization had probably deranged their natural instincts; for, though they dug holes in it, they were irregularly constructed, and were never used for pump and up came the poison. Any other man would have been disheartened. other man would have been disheartened, but Coffin, getting a tin-cupful of Croton oil, locked himself in the garret and drained the beaker dry. He was just about to arrange his last words when he heard a noise on the roof, and upon looking up he perceived the trap door open, and in a moment those assiduous relatives were scuttling down the steps and tives were scuttling down the steps and carrying that familiar old stomach-pump. tives were scuttling down the steps and carrying that familiar old stomach-pump. It had a new sucker in it and it was used with such earnestness that Coffin felt his toes draw in. The situation then was absolutely pathetic and a less conscientious man would have abandoned the undertaking and come back cheerfully to life and hope and happiness and potatoes. But Coffin, having purchased a shovelful of Paris green, clothed himself in submarine armor and dove down to the bottom of the river two miles from shore. When he felt himself safe he swallowed the deadly stuff and again began to think of something good to say as he expired. Just as he had decided on some suitable language he glanced at one side, where were those Importunate relations of his coming down at him in a diving-bell with that disgraceful stomach-pump all ready for action. They explored the interior of him and emptied him as usual. As they came to the surface and swam ashore, Coffin said this was too much; and he asked, if such was the case, if the Constitution of the United States and the laws of Delaware authorized any man to pump the stomach perpetually when he didn't want to the modern conflict of intelligence with

Bradbury's Mistake.

In Philadelphia there are whole blocks

of houses exactly alike, and sometimes there is such a quantity of them in a

of something else he forgot to count. When about two doors from home he came home late, and as he was thinking

idence with a conviction that it was his

knocked against it and upset it. Mr

his eyes and fired at random. The noise waked Mrs. Petty and she began to scream violently. Then Bradbury felt

seream violently. Then Bradbury felt certain that there was a band of robbers

up-stairs engaged in butchering Mrs Bradbury and the children. As he

started to creep softly up the staircase to reconnoitre Petty began to steal quietly

down the staircase to look after the burg-lar he had killed. They met on the first

landing, and although both were terribly

only counts from the corner when he

Pet Spiders.

ran up the front steps of Mr. Petty's

garded, bodily pains forgotten or reso-lutely set aside, and by and by we find we can control our own forces as cer-tainly as we can control the forces of nature and almost make ourselves well.

square that a man who lives near the middle has to begin counting at the cor-ner in order to ascertain which is his house. Mr. Bradbury a few nights ago This heroism which rears and feeds and clothes and shelters us; which builds our railroads and bridges and grand public edifices; which adapts to manent in works of art; which common that it has ceased to be a mat own. His dead-latch key opened the door readily, and Bradbury, after grop-ing around in the dark for the hat-rack, ter of thought or interest, is the best of all proofs that there is something inher-ently good and noble in human nature something that the hardest circum-stances tend to develop and that no amount of ill-usage can destroy. It is evidence sufficient of a natural which may be put in the scales agains the hall below and he knew at once it was a burglar. So he went back to his room and got his revolver. Then he shut all the facts which show natural de pravity.—Hearth and Home.

How to Take a Picture. THE artist, having secured a customer

is supposed to seat the happy individua

in the skylight room in the proper posi-tion. He then gets out his portrait lens and after carefully wiping the surfaces of the glasses with a clean silk handkerchief or chamois leather screws it on to the portrait camera and places them both on the heavy camera stand oppo-site to the subject to be taken. He then frightened they grappled, for both knew it would be a struggle to the death. After Springs, Ark., leaving the main line of the Cairo & Fulton Road thirty-one miles south of Memphis, has been completed. lays the focusing-cloth on the camera and puts his head under the cloth in or-der to see more clearly the image on the A disparch from Brownsville, Tex., reports the first bale of cotton shipped to New Orleans a few days since from the ranche of J. Hynes, at Santa Maria. A boller in the Eagle Iron Works at Terre Haute, Ind., exploded the other day, badly scalding Wm. Fisher, the engineer. He will probably die of his injuries.

At Lebanon, Ind., recently, Eliza J. only counts from the stairs to the floor because the floor because of the stairs to the floor because of the floor because of the stairs to the floor and public the stairs to the floor because of the stairs to the floor and public the stairs to the floor and public the stairs to the stair raised and the lens cap gently removed so comes home, but he has the front of his house painted white, with a locomotive headlight over the front door.—Max plate. The time of exposure varies, but plate. The time of exposure varies, but an average of ten seconds may be allowed. At the end of that time the cap is replaced on its lever, the shutter of the slide is shut down and

Hor Doung Readers.

Down through the meadows, with clover-b Wander two dimpled bare feet;
So fair and so dainty you'd take them at sight
For a pair of twin snow flakes, forgot to alight
Till in place of the winter's cold mantle of wh
Spreads summer's green canopy sweet;
Above them a wee little malden hooks out.
And laughs at the crimson heads nodding abou

She laughs at the afternoon sunshine, nor kno That her curls have caught half of its gleam; Through the fern-leafy nook where the swe brier grows. And on past the haunt of the daisy she goes.

side.

Give them in my basket a nice little ride.

And take to roy mannar for tea:

She Il smile in my case like the beautiful sun

And give me three kisses for every one."

Mamma, peeping anxiously out of the door, As the slant western sunbeams peep in. Sees a queer little figure home trudging

more.

With reliow curls tangled, and dainty feet sore.
And something that's strangely like blood trick
ling o'er.
From forehead to round dimpled chin!
Her mother-heart throbs with a sudden affright,
And the world for a moment seems fading from
sight;

The strawberries I have been picking for tea!"
Mamma lifts the backet lid—one, two, three
Red strawberries lying alone!
But she gives three kisses for every one,
And both faces shine in the beautiful sun.
—Schoolday Magazine

JACK'S ATTEMPTS AT COMPOSI-

The Heroism of Common Life. Did it ever strike the reader how much heroism is required to make the work of the world go on in spite of heat, in spite of cold, in despite of wind, rain, sickness, disinclination, and all the obstacles which exist and continually arise to the prosecution of any plan, the fulfillment of any endeavor * "Jack Smith," she exclaimed, sitting bolt upright and jerking her elbows, "you've pulled my hair down, and broken my comb, and lost my place, and tum-bled my ruff, and—and—you act like a

authorized any man to pump the stom-ach perpetually when he didn't want to have it pumped? He felt that the heroes of the Revolution died in vain if a man's

of the Revolution died in vain if a man's relations had a right to go plunging a diabolical machine into his insides without permission. That night Coffin stuffed the pump with fulminating powder and in the morning he took a dose of arsenic. Along came his inevitable relations as usual, and they began to pump him; but at the very first down-stroke the concern exploded and blew Coffin into vulgar fractions. The story teaches important lessons to the young; it teaches that the secret of success is persistent effort. No stomach-pump can baffle a man with a resolute will and plenty of poison.—Max Adeler. The vast machinery of our social life

as some few, by perpetually nursing their ailments, make themselves ill.

For Spiders.

We was weeping a crossing for a living "Notwer mind, little girl, you may keep it for your honesty."

A writer in the American Naturality was an expectation of the spiders of the was quarreling with a neighbor. "You are may be done the least Side, recently, as she was quarreling with a neighbor." You may be the lambest flame of the in a consumptive patient. Doubt full field heart of the pair is question were confined in a translation of the in a consumptive patient. Doubt full field heart of the pair in question were confined in a clear box occurred with hair; and some of them, as the tarnatula, are formidable insects indeed to the pair in question were confined in a clear box, occurred with a pane of glass. The pair in question were confined in the bottom of animals, of his friend Box is the pair in question were confined in a clear box, occurred with a pane of glass, and the pair in question were confined in a clear box, occurred with a pane of glass, and the pair in question were confined in a clear box, occurred with a pane of glass, and the pair in question were confined in a clear box, occurred with a pane of glass, and the pair in question were confined in a clear box, occurred with a pane of glass, and the pair in question were confined in a clear box, occurred with a pane of glass, and the pair in question were confined in a clear box, occurred with a pane of glass, and the pair in question were confined in a clear box occurred with a pane of glass, and the pair in question were confined to the pair in question were confined in a clear box occurred with a pane of glass, and the pair in question were confined in a clear box occurred with a pane of glass, and the pair in question were confined in a clear box occurred with a pane of glass, and the pair in question were confined in a clear box occurred with a pane of glass, and the pair in question were confined in a clear box occurred with a pane of glass, and the pair in question were confined in a clear box occurred with a pane of glass. T

ler steps in the shadow the maple tree throw To talk with the rollicking stream. a merry-voiced bluebird sang over her head; Where are you going?" she shought he said.

Don't hinder me, dear little birdie!" she cried.
"I'm in a great hurry, you see.
I'm going to find where the strawberries hide;
I'll steal every one from their mamma-vine

"Here, dear!" calls a bobolink down in the dell,
"I've found you the strawberry bed!"
Oh, quickly and thickly the bright berries fell!'
Berries and lips love each other full well!
Berries and lips, twee not easy to tell.
Which were most sweet or most real.
The small empty basket disconsolate lies.
While grasshoppers scan it with curious eyes.

But the fears fly away when a voice full of glee, Calls out in a silvery tone— O mamma, dear mamma! just come here an

"Say, Allie, help me about my composition, will you?" pleaded Jack, making a clumsy grab at his sister, who sat reading in the great arm-chair. Said grab was intended for a sort of caress; but instead of propitiating Miss Allie, who was a very proper young lady, it had the effect to discompose her very much.

"Jack Smith," she exclaimed, sitting both excited.

With this slight relief to her feelings Alice repaired her offended dignity as well as she could and settled down to her

ountenance, and then ventured to repeat his appeal.

"Say, Allie, I've got to write my essay and hand it in Monday morning. Help a fellow, can't you? Come."

"As if I kept your ideas! Help your-

He strode off to the farther corner of the room, opened his father's secretary and sat down to write.

"Papa'll scold if you use his pens," murmured Alice, glancing languidly up from her book.

Jack gave a scoreful.

Many stories which is printed is lize and are not the truth; not because they are not true, but because they are not like Life, and teach Peeple harm.

I wrote a story oncet but I was ashamed of it. I mean to stick to the truth the rest of my life.

Jack gave a scornful snort and seized a quill. He spread the biggest fool's-cap sheet he could find, and then took up ink

Jones whipped me the last time we played war. I ain't going to write about war. School? That's too old. I've had

war. School? That's too old. I've had one or two compositions about school already. Spring? No, that's too tame," Jack scratched his head.

Suddenly a wood-cut protruding from under a pile of papers caught his eye. He pulled it out and unfolded a copy of the New York Thunder-Cup. All the cight sides of that mary-clap pears were eight sides of that marvelous paper were 2,300, the length of post-roads was 36,070 covered with pictures and stories calculated to make a boy's blood tingle.

For several evenings past Jack had been regaling himself (rather on the sly) with the adventures of "Jay-hawker Bill,"

miles, the postal revenues were \$551,684 and the expenditures were \$495,099.

In 1820 the number of postoffices was 4,500, the length of post-roads was 72,492 with the adventures of "Jay-hawker Bill," whose visage glared from the page he eld. It struck him suddenly that he light write a story. Stories were word and the expenditures were \$1,160, 1926. might write a story. Stories were so easy to write, and everybody liked to read 'em. He would write something full of hair-breadth escapes, like the adventures of "Jay-hawker Bill." Oh, that would be

splendid. e began to rack his brain for a "plot." But the plot did not come so easy, after all. He searched slyly through the *Thunder-Clap* for hints. Surely the brilliant minds who contributed to those wonderful pages ought to furnish him a feet miles, the postal revenues were \$5,

wonderful pages ought to Turnish him a spare thought or two.

At length he caught an idea that he thought would do to begin with, and plunging his quill in the inkstand, and spreading his elbows at right angles, he went vigorously to work. Whenever his inspiration seemed about to collapse he stole a glance at "Jay-hawker Bill." Half as hour passed and Jack was allah.

84.92 the postal revenues were \$5, 212,953,43.

In 1860 the number of postoffices was 128,667,40, and the expenditures were \$14,874,772,89.

In 1870 the number of postoffices was 2849,2 the length of post-roads was 231,an hour passed, and Jack was all-ab-sorbed in his story. Suddenly (forget-ting his late repulse) he called out— "I say, Allie, 4 What's 'if you \$23,98,837,63.

"I say, Allie, Allie! What's 'if you | \$23,000,000 | In 1873 the number of postonices was please' in French'."
"S'il cous plait," murmured Alice, knitting her brows." school Jack, transfix10 miles, the postal revenues were \$22, 210 miles, t "Sit cons plant, intrinsification of the brows.

"Siteer-plate," echoed Jack, transfixing the precious phrase with his pen. He had a heroine in his story, and he wanted to make her talk some French. After a short silence, he called again—

"Allie, what's yes?"

"Jack Smith, I'll ask mamma to send "Jack Smith, I'll ask mamma to send the property of the progress by decades of the postal system of the United States since 1790, covering a period of eighty-three years.—N. I'l Independent.

you out if you interrupt me one more ime! Yes is out. There, now, don't you time! Tes is out. There, now, don't you ask me another thing!"
"Wee," wrote Jack, and on he went like a locomotive, leaving the storm behind him.
There was peace in the Smith sitting

NO. 30.

The fact was, Jack's handwriting was somewhat of the "pot-hook" character, and he could hardly read it himself. Finally he cleared his voice and began:

There was a man who had a grate memy curemys. His name was Agustuss derwent. One day as he went to take a walk on the raleroad track, he swung his cane and enjoid the hammy breeze and two other men which jumped out from a pile of rocks and nocked him down.

They gagged his hands and feet, and lade him acrost the track and tide him lite to the rales with ropes as big as my two arms, and when they herd the express train coming they lit out for the woods.

Now there was a high stone wall about thre feet thick, beside the Track, and a Beautiful young Lady was walking on the other side of it. She peeped throo a little crack and saw a Gentleman instened to the rales and the train a coming at litening speed. So she did not know what to do, but she got a rock and broke a hole through the wall and crept through.

The cow-ketcher of the express trane was now right up to mister Derwent's head, but she pulled out her pen-knife and cut him louse, and pulled him off just as the train whizd by?

When he come to be thanked the young

Grace," said Jack. "I thought maybe you'd like to criticise it a little this evening. It's a story!"
"A story, is it?" said Miss Grace, smiling. "Well, since you are here, and are more familiar with it than I am, suppose you read it to me."
"That was just what Jack wanted to do.

He drew nearer the light.
"The name of it is 'The Beautiful Rescuer," said he, his heart beginning to

beat considerably quicker than usual.

"Go on," said Miss Grace, encouragingly, turning her head to see what kept
the boy puckering and frowning so long

over his manuscript.

The fact was, Jack's handwriting was

whizd by

louse, and pulled him off just as the train whizd by?

When he come to he thanked the young Lady for saving his life, and asked Her if he should see her home for fear of the Indians.

"Wee, Silver-plate," replied the young Lady who was a Frenchman. So they walked a piece when she told him she saw a hominy on a shovel which was her father and he would go the rest of the way with her. Agustuss derwent then married the young Lady, who he called his Beautiful Rescuer.

Her name was a Mella.

There was a short pause, and, getting no response, Jack hemmed and coughed to signify that he had read all he had written. Miss Grace had stopped her sewing and was bending toward the grate, shaking quietly; though why she shook Jack couldn't imagine.

"Jack, dear," she said, presently, in a strange voice, "did you ever read 'Baron Munchausen?"

"Ne ma'am" lunchausen? No. ma'am."

"The book is there on the table. Sup-pose you take it up while I look your essay over."
Accordingly Jack took the book and began to read. Soon he looked up with a comical mixture of indignation and amusement on his face. Miss Grace's meaning in setting him to study the Baron had depend on the control of the

had dawned upon him.
"Gracious!" said Jack, "can't he tell big ones? He read a little farther, and laid the book down. "I wish I hadn't written a story. But I've read lots of newspaper ones most as bad as this man's." His

"Say, Miss Grace," cried Jack, starting toward her suddenly, "let me write some-thing else. I believe I don't like my

teacher remained silent.

thing else. I believe I don't like my story."

"Very well: you may write another composition while sitting here with me, if you like. There are pencils and paper in the drawer."

So, making her his muse this time, and forgetting all about "Jay-hawker Bill," he wrote an essay on "Truth," which Miss Grace thought would do very well (when the spelling, etc., was corrected). He the spelling, etc., was corrected). He read it to her, sitting on a footstool at her feet. Jack was only eleven, but Miss Grace told him a boy of eleven ought te Jack stood a minute with a rueful think independently, and NEVER let his mind get poisoned by the wretched style and matter of such story papers as the New York Thunder-Clap. This is Jack's second composition:

"As if I kept your ideas! Help yourself with your essay! And I think you
had better take 'Good Manners' for your
subject, and study it well:"

"I won't," said Jack, now thoroughly
on the defensive. "I won't have any
such cut-and-dried stuff. If you don't
want to help me you needn't. I guess I
can get along without you."

Spurred by his sister's sarcasm and
irritated by her curt refusal, Jack summoned all his pride and spunk and determined to make his last remark good at
once.

Second composition:
TRUTH.

Truth is when you don't tell a lie. I sometimes miss the fruth, which is a Falsehood.
It is rong to tell false Hoods. It makes a
fellow mean and small. The biggest Lyre I
ever heard of was Baron Munchausen (Jack
shad copied the hard word very carefully out
of the book). He sed he tide his horse to a
stick when the snow melled he found it was to
the church steeple, so there the Horse hung
till he shot the Bridal in two and let him
drop.

Many stories which is printed is lize and are
not the truth; not because they are not true,

Postal Statistics.

sheet he could find, and then took up ink enough to write half-a-dozen lines—and make two great blots besides.

"Le's see," quoth he to himself. "Le's see. War? No, you don't, sir! Joe see. War? No, you don't, sir! Joe postal revenues amounted to \$37,935 and the expenditures to \$32,140. That was the day of small things in our postal sys-

tem.
In 1800 the postoffices had risen to 903 in number and the length of post-roads to 20,817 miles. The revenues were \$280,804 and the expenditures \$231,904. This shows a remarkable increase in ten

years. In 1810 the number of postoffices was

8,450, the length of post-roads was 115,-176 miles, the postal revenues \$1,919,500 and the expenditures were \$1,959,109. In 1840 the number of postoffices was 13,486, the length of post-roads was 155, 739 miles, the postal revenues were \$4,543,521.92, and the expenditures were

232 miles, the postal revenues were \$19, 772,220.65, and the expenditures were

The Eagle in Kentucky.

This is the way the Louisville Courier. Journal editorially ushered in the glorious Fourth: "This is the Fourth of July ous Fourth: "This is the Fourth of July. It argues that, being the Fourth of July, it is not the 17th of March. Neither is it the 1st of May, nor Christmas. St. Patrick was not born on the Fourth of July. Queen Victoria was not crowned on the Fourth of July. No thanksgiving has ever been appointed for the Fourth of July; and history has failed to record